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& G. FIRRET, PORCE

MARRIE BILL . MISSOUIL

Two Garfield statue for the tomb at leveland, which is now in New York, will be set up on Decoration Day mext

THE whaling Industry of the Pacific has now had its day, and as there is no money in the oil it would be given up but for the bons. The Coral, the oldest Pacific whaling vessel, is said to be about 70 years old.

THE year 1889 will be long remen bered for its calamities from flood and fire. The losses of the year will foot up many millions in property and thou-sands of lives. It will be remembered because of Johnstown, Seattle, Spokane Falls, and Boston.

Ir the reports from England are one half true the foreign missionary socie-ties might profitably withdraw from China and the islands of the Pacific and send their agents to convert to Christianity and civilization the "upper classes" of London.

THERE are 196 women operators in the great operating room of the Western Union in New York. In this room husband and wife are working side by side. They are perfectly matched in skill, but the man gets \$15 more month than the woman. There's the

WHEN a newspaper correspondent turns explorer we can always depend upon having graphic and interesting accounts of his discoveries and adventures. Those of Stanley are thrilling and picturesque, without being egotistic or overdrawn. He is as modest in narrative as he is heroic in action.

It doesn't take an American long to catch on to any sort of situation. A Detroiter goes to Germany, remains two weeks, and returns to report that there will be no war in Europe for the next five years. It would have taken any other sort of man a month to make up his mind on a matter like that.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY, of San Francisco, who lately offered \$50,000 to the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, known as the San Francisco Theological Seminary, now offers to increase that sum to \$250,000 on condition that another \$50,000 be raised for the same purpose. The seminary was founded in

WHILE remodeling a chimney in an old nomestead in Cherryfield, Me., for the purpose of attaching a hot air furnace, an interesting relic in the form of a little brown jug of unusual shape was found in an arch in the chimney, which certainly had not seen the light of day for 100 years. It was empty, but smelled of other days.

HANOVES, Mich., has a most peculiar and eccentric young man. He is so bashful that he does not speak to his nearest neighbors, and he will go miles out of his way to avoid meeting a young lady. A few years ago his parents sent him to school; he attended only three days, because twenty young ludies surrounded him at the school house and teased him till he nearly

THE idea of building a great tower was suggested to M. Eiffel while building the Garabil Bridge in southern France. The bridge is the loftiest bridge in the world, its central part being 350 feet above the water below. The two piers which support this lofty central span are miniature Eiffel towers, the plan and construction being exactly the same. M. Eiffel is one of the greatest bridge builders in Europe.

PROFESSOR ADAMS, of Cambridge, England, whose serious illness has been reported, is now 71 years old, and may fairly be ranked as the most eminent living English astronomer. He was one of the discoverers of the planet Neptune. the other being M. Leverrier, of Paris, now dead. The two worked at the great problem independently, and both solved it almost at the same moment. Professor Adams is small in stature. with a typical English face and simple but cordial manners.

NATIONALISM as per Edward Bellamy continues to find new disciples. There are nearly fifty clubs now in existence throughout the country. Very soon there will be formed a nationalist league—that is the next step-a union of the different clubs in the country. The Boston has now about 200 active members; the limit is 250. There are a number of classes in Boston besides the regular club. The membership is about evenly divided between men and women. and is largely composed of middle-aged people. This is especially the case in and a large part are practical

skies, though shut out of earthly Eden-finds ther love a sinless paradise. What hight of bliss but measures depth o

woe! mother-joy is matched by motherpain!
Eve's gentle heart bled o'er her sinning child,
And Mary wept for her's who had no stain:
Mothers alone drink sorrow's deepest Eve'

dregs.

Did God need sympathy, He should design
To give to woman through her motherlove, Some comprehension of his love and pain. Mothers alone drink joy's enraptured

Here, too, they touch the heart of Love
Divine;
O, Father, God, how very good Thou art
To give us joys that else were only Thine;
A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self con-

What love, what wisdom, should belong to Who helps God fashion an immortal soul.

A BRIEF SORROW.

CHAPTER VIII.

LL through that wild wet night gangs of men with drags seached the river at different places: and, as the gray wintry daylight stole again over the land, the body was found at some distance from the spot where poor Tom had jumped in, caught in some water weeds they might never have been able to regain it, the wind and current being against them. The body was carried up to the Manor at where Captain Tregelles had been ours before and had been attended by the village doctor. The struggling in the water had displaced the captain's arm, and opened the wound in the shoulder afresh. Nina Derwent, who had soon recovered consciousness, was his boy back safe at Wistaria Villa; and all kind to him. thoughts and anxieties had been centered on what the drags might bring up from the river's depths.

The inmates of the Manor had

known long ere this that it must be a ifeless body, but, all the same, when t came there was as much terror and grief and consternation as though here had been ground for hope. Mr. Berkeley, in particular, was almost mad with sorrow and remorse, accushimself unjustly, and declaring that, had he not been so harsh with his son. Tom would never have brokwould have had no power over him, and he would never have come to this. For, as everybody had blamed Nina all along, even though the change in Tom was so wonderful, so everybody blamed her now, and looked upon her as the cause of the tragedy that had thrown the whole village into mourning. Poor wild Tom had been blamed, scorned, and reviled-people had looked shocked to find themselves in the same room with him, but now he lay dead they forgot all his sins, and talked in hushed voices of his handsome faceand sweet smile and the disposition that would never remember an offence. Many went to weep with his sorrowing family, and all with one accord avoided Wistaria Villa, where was the woman whom they called his destroyer—not because she was so un-fortunate as to fall into the river they were not so unreasonable as that even in their grief-but because she had encouraged the lad, while to unchanted eyes it was plain that he had not had a chance beside his cousin.

Mrs. Stephenson was frightened when she found that nobody came near her, while all the rest of the village were flocking together in sorrowful excitement at her neighbors'. found herself so coldly received that she went home again crying, and had an interview with her guest, the details of which were never known outside the family; but they served as an excuse for Miss Derwent to take her departure. She must have wished for such an excuse, or she would never have allowed a few angry words to have driven her away at such a time, when she, above all others, ought to have shown grief and sympathy with the bereaved fami-Directly the inquest was over she left, so suddenly and quietly that the fact was not generally known for some

The particulars of the catastrophe were repeated clearly and consecutively at the inquest, chiefly by Captain Tregelles, who was able to go down stairs to attend it. He and Miss Derwent had been walking out together that fternoon, and, on the rain ceasing, had extended their stroll to the river wishing to see how high the water had Walking along the bank-she next to the water and holding his right arm, the left being disabled and in a sling, or he would have placed her in--she disengaged her hand for a few moments to arrange her vell, and a violent gust of wind blew her into he water before his eyes, he making an ineffectual attempt to seize her dress. He had never dreamed of the ssibility of such a thing happening. or he would have taken precautions. He at once called loudly for help; he sould not swim, and one arm was useless; but he supposed he must have jumped in after her with an idea of trying to save her, as he found him-self in the water. He never even suc-ceeded in touching her; all he could do was to shout again for help, though he did not think either of uld be got out alive. Then

noon when Tom and she had stood togotner and watched his last hope
snatched away by the careless kiss of
the man whom he worshipped as his
hero; and the Vicar told Mary, bidding her repeat it to her brother when
he should be able to bear it; for, besides his physical injuries, Captain
Waring was completely bowed down
with grief, mingled with remorse at
his cousin's and fate.

"Of course I have seen that I was wrong without your telling me this," he replied, when she told him, very gently and sorrowfully. "But who ever thought it would end like this? I saw in a very short time how much she was worth, and, if I thought about him at all, I thought I should be doing him a good turn in diverting her thoughts from him. I had to be careful myself not to get entangled—she was sharp, and no mistake!"

"You ought to have told him just what you thought of her." "He would only have knocked me

"No. not in your disabled condition. You ought to have told him how she allowed you to make love to her. And oh. Waring, if you had been different your-elf-better, steadier-he would have been so too! He thought all the world of you; and had you frankly declared to him your opinion of her and confirmed it by avoiding her society yourself, his faith in her must have en shaken, and all this would not have happened."

Captain Tregelles did not answer out sat still in his invalid chair, look ing very weak and pale and at least ten years older.

The examination of Tom's body re-vealed the fact that death had not been caused by drowning, but by heart disease, as the doctor had all along suspected. He was a first-rate swimmer, and his failure to reappear after his second plunge into the water could otherwise hardly have been satisfactorily accounted for. And now the doctor told Tom's secret, which had never seemed to cloud his bright life, but which he must often have thought of. He had suffered from violent pulpitation of the heart for some months, but had said nothing to anyone, until, after an unusually severe attack, he consulted the doctor, but enjoined him to secreey, as he "did not want to be fussed with." When the doctor repeated those words of Tom's, Mr. Berkeley burst out crying like a child, and said he would give twenty years of his life to have his boy back for one week, just to be

The doctor's first examination had made him very doub ful as to whether Tom's life would be extended beyond a few years; but he did not tell him this, and at first he did not see the use of alarming his family with the news since they could de nothing; but he afterwards changed his mind about this, and was only waiting a good opportunity to tell Mr Berkeley, unknown to Tom. The lad ence, when he had been unconsciou his son, Tom would never have brok-en away from his influence, that girl for him was to tell him to take life as easily as possible and avoid excess in all things. Tom's previous troubles, together with the shock of discovering his friends in such imminent danger, and then the exertion of bat tling against the stream with a help less burden, had no doubt combine to bring on a violent fit of palpitation which had ended his life in a mo ment: and, had not the shepherds an peared just when they did, Captain Tregelles must have lost his life also, since there was no one else to save him.

Mr the doctor for keeping the secret for one hour, and he was grieved at not having noticed his son sufficiently of late to know whether he was looking ill or well. Then the matter ended so far as the investigation went; but Tom's young life and sad but heroic end made an impression upon al hearts that was not easily or quickly effaced. After all, he had his wishit was the death he would have chos en. He died nobly, in the performance of a brave action, as his ances tors had died, upon whose courageous lives and heroic deaths he had mused so often-and, more than that, he gave his life for her whom he loved more than life. The greatest comfort his friends had was the knowl edge that Tom had died, as he had lived, in ignorance of Nina Derwent's unworthiness.

Captain Tregelles was so effectually changed for the better by the trage dy of that February afternoon tha three years afterwards Mr. Berkeley had no objection to Agnes' engaging herself to him, only stipulating that their marriage should not take place until she should be of age. The Captain loved Agnes, not only as his promised wife and the loveliest girl he had ever seen, but as the sister of

During those three years nothing had been heard of Nina Derwent. She had left some debts behind her in the neighboring town that Mrs. Stephenson had been forced to pay, since her letters to her aunt's address in Londou were returned marked "not known," which caused a good deal of she had made while in Westcott. Nothing was seen or heard of her un Nothing was seen or heard of her until, three years later, Captain Tregelles, in London, on the occasion of choosing a betrothal-ring to adorn his sweetheart's finger, met her in the street, looking very shabby and shivering with the cold. All her power of fascination was gone, and she had ovidently suffered great privation. It was she who saw him and stopped him—he would not have recognized her, she was so altered. She told him her, she was so altered. She to a sad story of want and misery she was married to a man used her, a low sharper who private gambling house, and character was becoming known

IN THE HOLY CITY.

him, she hurried away to Mary, who

and kept so close to her side for the

uture, whenever the presumptuous

young man put in an appearance, that he never had a second chance of al-

thoughts of love seemed like sacrilege. Her heart was buried in Tom's grave,

and all her lonely but useful life was

"In loving and honorable me

an honorable remembrance.

The Origin of Women.

Woman's first appearance has been a fruitful subject for legend mongers.

zette. There the first woman was

carved by the first man out of ivory

The Greek theory of the creation of

woman, according to Hesiod, was that

Zeno, as a cruel zest, ordered Vulcan

to make woman out of clay, and then

induced the various gods and goddess-

es to invest the clay doll with all their worst qualities, the result being a

lovely thing, with a witchery of mien,

refined craft, eager passion, love of dress, treacherous manners and a

The Scandinavians say that as Odin,

Vill and Ve, the three sons of Bor, were walking along the sea beach, they found two sticks of wood, one of

ash and one of elm. Sitting down, the gods shaped man and woman out

of these sticks, whittling the woman

from the elm and calling her Emia,

One of the strangest stories touching

the origin of woman is told by the

Madagascarines. In so far as the

creation of man goes the legend is not

unlike that related by Moses, only, that the fall came before Eve

After the man had eaten of the for-

bidden fruit he became affected with a

boil on the leg, out of which, when it

man's first thought was to throw her

to the pigs, but he was commanded by

among the diggings until she was of a

marriageable age, then to make her his wife. He did so, called her Bar-

boura, and she became the mother of

The American Indians' myths rela-

tive to Adam and Eve are numerous

and entertaining. Some traditions

trace back our first parents to white

and red Maoze; another is that man,

searching for a wife, was given the

daughter of the king of muskrats, who

on being dipped into a neighboring

Mrs. Jenness Miller's Leglets.

All my garments are made with

egs except my outside drapery. 1

don't own a petticoat, and have not owned one in four years. I never ex-

peet to own a petticoat again, and l

pity every one of you who do own them. Like you, when I have worn

them, I have stood on the corner and

tried to unwind myself; like you, I

have stumbled in climbing upstairs;

like you, I have tried to keep them

out of the wet without avail and have caught cold. But I do these things no

longer. I go upstairs and walk on a

windy day without trouble. I have two legs. Why should I not wear a

two legs. Why should I not wear a two-legged garment? I call these

garments leglets. I hunted the die

tionary for a name for them, but found none. One woman advised me

to call them panties, but I finally de-

cided upon the name that I thought

would describe them best. Another

reason I chose that name was because

I had no sympathy with false modesty. In the outside garment I make one

change-it has no waistband, but fits

so that the weight is transferred regu

larly over the body. I do not have to put on my bonet before I put on my

A Paper Mine.

A manufacturer who, when a boy, had worked in a paper factory, and

had thus become familiar with the clays used for sizing and weighting paper, was riding along along a new road in St. Lawrence county, N. Y.,

when he noticed a peculiar formation

of soft white rock through which the

road passed for some distance. Tak-

ing a sample he examined it carefully under the microscope, and found that it was fibrous, and evidently peculiar-

it was fibrous, and evidently poculiarly adopted to paper making. He then had tests made by manufacturers, who reported so favorably that he bought the land and began mining. He is now shipping over 100 tons a day, and his product is rapidly displacing the clays formerly used, as its fibrous nature makes it a part of the warp and weft of the paper, instead of sixing only. No other such deposit is now known in this country.

dress .- Utica Herald.

lake, became a woman.

messenger from heaven to play

burst, came a beautiful girl.

all races of men.

treacherous mind.

and then endowed with life by Aphro

dite.

The Phœnician myth of creation found in the story of the Pygmalion and Galatea. says the Pall Mail Ga-

THOMAS TOLUBIOFF BERKELEY,

fermon Preached by Dr. Talmage in Jerufo these questions he replied "No."

fo these questions he replied "No."

turning away his head and speaking
very low because he was ashamed to
have to say it. It did seem a bitter
and sorrowful thing that she whom
Tom loved best, and whose life he had

ession of Kings, Conquerors, Poet and Immortal Men Pass Before the Mind's Eye of the Celebrated Brooklyn Faster.

aaved, should be the only one who
failed to love and revere his memory.
About this time the curate—a new Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached in the nev. T. De witt Taimage preached in the city of Jerusalem last Sunday to a large gathering of Christina, people Ilis text was Matt. xxiii, 37: "Jerusalem! Jerusa-lem!" A report of his eloquent sermon is equisition to the village since the Vicar's marriage—seemed much occu-pled with the contemplation of Faith's appended.
This exclamation burst from Christ's centle charms; but, at the first hint at anything more than friendship from

nd, although things have marveously enanged, who can visit Jerusalem to-day without having its mighty past roll over on him, and ordinary utterance must give place for the exciamatory as we cry, O, place for the exchanatory as we cry, or, Jerusalem, Jerusalem: Disappointed with the Holy Land many have been, and I have heard good friends say that their ardor about sacred places had been so dampened that they were sorry they ever visited Jerusalem. But with me the city and its surroundings are a luding to the subject. To her all rapture, a solemnity, an overwhelming emotion. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! The lived in memory of him.

There is a marble tablet in Wescott procession of kings, conquerors, poets and immortal men and women pass before me as I stand here. Among the throng are Solomon, David and Christ. Yes, through church—among others which tell of the gallant deeds and heroic deaths of famous Berkeleys its fresh black becomen, Davia and Christ. Yes, through these streets and amid these surroundings rode Solomon, that wonder of splender and wretchedness. It seemed as if the world exhausted itself on that man. It wove its brightest flowers into his garland. It set and red lettering stands out distinct-Who, at the age of eighteen years and six months, met his death in a brave at-tempt to save life in the river at this place, February 7th, 18—,"

The strangers who visit the church its richest gems in his coronet. It pressed the rarest wine to his lips. It robed him in the purest purple and embroidery. It cheered him with the sweetest music in that land of harps. It greeted him with the gladdest laughter that ever leaped from always want to know the story of the young life that was thus suddenly ended, which the old sexton is as mirth's lip. It sprinkled his cheek with spray from the brightest fountains. Royalty had no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, flowers no sweetness, song ready to tell them as they are to hear; and so Tom won for himself what he o melody, light no radiance, upholster, so ardently desired—a noble fame and no gorgeousness, waters no gleam, birds no plumage, prancing coursers no mettle, architecture no grandeur but it was all his. Across the thick grass of the lawn, fragrant with tufts of camphire from Engedi, fell the long shadows of trees brought from

distant forests.

distant forests.

Fish pools, fed by artificial channels that brought the streams from hills far away, were perpetually ruffled with fins, and golden scales shot from water cave to waer cave with endless dive and swirl, at tracting the gaze of foreign potentates. Birds that had been brought from foreign aviaries glanced and fluttered among the foliage, and called to their mates far be-youd the sea. From the royal stables there came up the neighing of twelve thousand horses, standing in blankets of Tyrian purple, chewing their bits over troughs of gold, waiting for the king's order to be brought out in front of the palace when the official dignitaries would leap into the sad-dle for some grand parade, or, harnessed to some of the fourteen hundred chariots of the king, the fiery chargers with flaunting mane and throubing nestril would make the earth jar with the tramp of hoofs and the thunder of wheels. While within and without the palace you could not think of a single luxury that could be added, or of a single splender that could be kindled, down on the banks of the sea the dry docks of Exion-geber rang with the hammers of the shipwrights who were constructing larger vessels for a still wider commerce, for all lands and climes were to be robbed to make up Solomon's glory. No rest till his keels shall cut every sea, his axmen hew every forest, his archers strike every rare wing, his fishermen whip every stream, his merchants trade in every bazaar, his name be honored by every tribe; and royalty shall have no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, song no melody, light no radiance, waters no gleam, birds no plumage

prancing coursers no mettle, uphoistory no gorgeousness, architecture no grandeur, but it was all his. "Well," you say, "if there is any man happy, he ought to be." But I hear him coming out through the palace, and see his robes actually incrusted with jewels, as he stands in the front and looks out upon the vast domain. What does he say! King Solomen, great is your dominion, great is your honor, great is your joy! No. While standing here amidst all the splendor, the tears start, and his heart breaks and he 'Vanity of vanities: all is vanity." What! Solomon not happy yet! No. not happy. The honors and the emoluments of this world brings so many cares with them that they bring also torture and disquie-tude. Pharoah sits on one of the highest earthly eminences, yet he is miserable be cause there are some people in his realm that do not want any longer to make bricks. The head of Edward I. arches under his crown because the people will not pay the taxes, and Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, will not do him homage, and Wallace will be a hero. Frederick William III, of Prussia, is miserable be provinces. The world is not large enough ghastliest suffering, the most shriveling fear, the most rending jealousies, the most gigantle disquietude, have walked amidst bsequious courtiers, and been clothed in

royal apparel, and sat on judgment scats of Honor and truth and justice cannot go so high up in authority as to be beyond the range of human assault. The pure and good in all ages have been execrated by mob who cry out: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber." By honesty, by Christian principle, I would have you seek for the favor and the conidence of your fellow men; but do not look upon some high position as though that were always sunshine. The mountains of earthly honor are like the mountains of Switzerland, covered with perpetual ice and snow. Having obtained the confidence and love of your associates, be content with such things as you have. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils." There is an honor that is worth possessing, but it is an honor that comes from God This day rise up and take it. "Hehold what manner of love the father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." Who aspires not for that royalty! Come now, and be kings and priests unto God and the lamb forever.

If wealth and wisdom could have satis-If wealth and wisdom could have satisfied a man, Solomon would have been satisfied. To say that Solomon was a millionaire gives but a very imperfect idea of the property he inherited from David, his father. He had at his command gold to the value of six hundred and eighty million pounds, and he had silver to the value of one billion, twenty-nine million, three hundred and seventy-seven pounds sterling. The queen of Sheba made him a nice little present of seven hundred and twenty thouhis while to stoop down and pick it up. He wrote one thousand and five songs. He wrote three thousand proverbs. He wrote about almost everything. The Bible says distinctly he wrote about plants, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that growesth out of the wall, and about birds and beasts and fishes. No doubt he put off his reyal robes, and put on hunter's trapping, and went out with his arrows to bring down the rarest specimens of birds; and then with his fishing apparatus he went down to the stream to bring up the feritans of the deep, and plunged into the forest and found the rarest specimens of flowers; and then he came back to his study and wrote books about scology, the science of fishes; about bettany, the science of fishes; about bettany, the science of birds; about bettany the science of birds.

But here passes through these streets, as in imagination I see him, quite as weader-rui and a far better man. David the conqueror, the king, the poet. Can it be that I am in the very city where he lived and reigned! David great for power, and great for grief. He was a spiendid boy, judged by the rules of wordly criticism. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there was not a single blemish. The crown of his head to the cole of his foot there was not a single blemish. The libide says that he had such a luxuriant shock of hair that, when once a year it was shorn, what was cut off weigaed over three pounds. But, notwitetanding all his briliancy of appearance, he was a bad boy, and broke his father's heart. He was a bad to get the throne of largel. He and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to get the throne of Israel. He had marshalled an army to overthrow his tather's government. The day of battle had come. The conflict was begun. David, the father, sat between the gates of the paince waiting for the tidings of the contlict. Oh, how rapidly his heart beat with emotion! Two great questions were to be decided; the safety of his boy, and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After awhile, a servant, standing on the top of the house, looks off, and he sees some one running. He is coming with great speed, and the man on top of the house announces the coming of the messenger, and the father watches and waits, and as soon as the messenger from the field of ns soon as the messenger from the field of buttle comes within halling distance the father cries out. Is it a question in regard to the establishment of throne! Does he say: "Have armies of Israel been victorious! to continue in my imperial authority! Have I overthrown my enemies!" Oh, no. There is one question that springs from his heart to the lip, and springs from the lip into the ear of the besweated and bedusted into the ear of the besweated and bedusted messenger flying from the battle field—the question: "Is the young man Absalom safe!" When it was told to David, the king, that, though his armies had been victorious, his son been slain, the father turned his upon the congratulations of the nation, and went up the stairs of his palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands sometimes, and then again pressing them

against his temples as though he would press them in, crying: "O Absalom! my son! my son! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom! my son! my son!" Stu-pendous grief of David resounding through all succeeding ages. This was the city that heard the woe. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem: I am also thrilled and overpowered with the remembrance that yonder, where now stands a Mohammedan mosque, stood the temple, the very one that Christ visited. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar thundered it down. Zerub babel's temple had stood there, but that had been prostrated. Then Herod built a temple because he was fond of great architecture, and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant.
Put eight or ten modern cathedrais together, and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen acres. There were marble pillars supporting roofs of cedar, and silver tables on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite and inscriptions resplendent, glittering balustrades and orna-mented gateways. The building of this temple kept ten thousand workmen busy forty-six years. Stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence! But the material and architectural grandeur of the building were very tame compared with the spiritual meaning of its altars and holy of holics, and the overwhelming significance of its of its ceremonies. O Jerusalem, Jerusa-

But standing in this old city all other

facts are eclipsed when we think that near here our blessed Lord was born, that up and down the streets of this city he

walked, and that in the outskirts of it he

died. Here was his only day of triumph and his assassination. One day this old Jerusalem is at the tiptop of excitement. Christ has been doing some remarkable works and asserting very high authority. The police court has issued papers stopped, as the very government is imperiled. News comes that last night this stranger arrived at a suburban village and that he is stopping at the house of a man whom he had resuscitated after four days' sepulture. Well, the people rush out into the streets, some with the idea of helping in the arrest of this stranger when he ar-rives, and others expecting that on the some supernatural force oust the mu-nicipal and royal authorities and take everything in his own hands, pour out of the city gates They gates until village. They come all around about the house where the stranger is stopping, and peer into the doors and windows that they may get one glimpse of him or hear the hum of his voice. The police dare not make the arrest, because he has somehow won the affections of all the people. Oh, it is a lively night in yonder lethany! The heretofors illed with uproar, and outery, and loud discussion about the strangeacting country. man. I do not think there was any sleep in that house that night where the stranger was stopping. Although he came in wears he finds no rest, though for once in his life time he had a pillow. But the morning dawns, the clive gardens wave in the light, all along yonder road, reaching over the top of Olivet toward this city, there is a vast swaying crowd of wondering people. The excitement around the door of the cottage wild as the stranger steps out beside ar unbroken colt that had never been mounted, and after his friends had strewn their garments on the beast for a saddle the Sa vior mounts it, and the populace, excited and shouting and feverish, push and shouting and feverish, push on back toward this city of Jerusaiem, Let none jeer now or scoff at this rider, or the populace will trample him under foot in an stant. There is one long shout of two miles, and as far as the eye can reach you

see wavings of demonstrations and ap-proval. There was something in the rider's visage, something in his majestic bow, something in his princely behavior, that stirs up the enthusiasm of the people. They run up against the beast and try to pull the rider off into their arms and carry on their shoulders the illustrious stranger. The populace are so excited that they hardly know what to do with themselves, and some rush up to the roadside trees and wrench off branches and throw them in his way; and others doff their garments, what though they be new and costly, and spread them for a carpet for the conqueror to ride over. "Hosanna!" cry the people at the foot of the hill. "Hosanna!" cry the islied. To say that Solomon was a millionaire gives but a very imperfect idea of the property he inherited from David, his father. He had at his command gold to the value of six hundred and eighty million pounds, and he had silver to the value of one billion, twenty-nine million, three hundred and seventy-seven pounds sterling. The queen of Sheba made him a nice little present of seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and Hiram made him a present of the same amount. If he had lost the value of a whole realm out of his pocket, it would have hardly been worth his while to stoop down and pick it up. He wrote one thousand provorbs. He wrote about almost everything. The Bible says distinctly he wrote about plants, from the cadar of Lebason to the hyssop that growth out of the wall, and about birds and beasts and fishes. No doubt he put off his royal robes, and put on hunter's trapping, and went out with his arrows to bring down the rarest specimens of birds; and then with his fishing apparatus he went down to the stream to bring up the fenzies of the deep, and plunged litt the forest and found the rarest specimens of fenzies. in one triumphant di prayer of all nations. The crowd looked are

The crowd looked around to ber exuitary tion and transport in the face of Christ. Ch. so! Out from amid the gates, and the domes, and the palaces, there arose a vision of this city's sin, and of this city's docts, which childrented the landscape from heri-

sus saw in and around this city. Yet he walked the streets of this city the lordest and most majestle being that the world over saw or ever will see. Publies Leating, in a letter to the Roman senate, describes him as "a man of stature so newhat tall, his hair the color of a chestnut fully ripe, plain to the ears, whence downward it is more orient, curling and waving about the shoulders; in the midst of his forchead is a stream, or partition of his hair; forchead plain, and very delicate; his face without a upot or a wrinkle, a lovely red; his nose and mouth so forked as nothing can be represented; his beard thick, in color like his hair—not very long; his eyes gray, quick and clear." He must die. The French army in Italy found a brass plate on which was a in Italy found a brass piate on which was a copy of his death warrant, signed by John Ferubbabel, Raphael Robani, Daniel Ro bani and Capet. Sometimes men on the way to the scaffold

bani and Capet.

Sometimes men on the way to the scaffold have been rescued by the mob. No suchattempt was made in this case, for the mob were against him. From nine in the morning till three in the alternoon, Jesus hung a dying in the outskirts of this city. It was a scene of blood. We are so constituted that nothing is so exciting as blood. It is not the child's cry in the street that arouses you as the crimson dripping from its lip. In the dark hall, seeing the finger marks of blood on the plastering, you cry: "What terrible deed has been done here?" Looking upon this suspended victim of the cross, we thrill with the sight of blood—blood dripping from thorn and nail, blood rushing upon his capet, blood saturating his garments, blood gathered in a pool beneath. It is called an honor to have in one's veins the blood of the house of Stuart, or of the house of frapsburg. Is it nothing when I point you to the outpouring blood of the king of the triverse!

In England the name of Henry was so great that its honors were divided among different reigns. It was livery the First.

great that its honors were divided among different reigns. It was Henry the First, and Henry the Second, and Henry the Third, and Henry the Fourth, and Henry the Fifth. In France the name of Louis was so favorably regarded that it was Louis the First, Louis the Second, Louis the Third, and so on. But the king who walked these streets was Christ the First, Christ the Last, and Christ the Only. He reigned before the czar mounted the throne of Russia, or the throne of Austria was lifted, "king eternal, immor-Austria was lifted, "king eternal, immor-tal." Through the indulgences of the royal family, the physical life degenerates, and some of the kings have been almost imbecile, and their bedies weak, and their blood thin, and watery; but the crimson life that flowed upon Calvary had in it the health of im-

mortal God. Tell it now to all the earth, and to all the Tell it now to all the earth, and to all the heavens—Jesus, our king, is sick with his last sickness. Let couriers carry the swift dispatch. His pains are worse; he is breathing a last groan: through his body quivers the last anguish; the king is dead! It is royal blood. It is said that some religionists make too much of the humanity of Christ. I respond that we make too little. If some Roman surgeon, standing under the cross, had caught one drop of the blood on his hand and analyzed it, it would have been found to have the same plusma, have been found to have the same plasma, the same disk, the same fibrin, the same albumen. It was ununstakabiy numan blood. It is a man that hangs there. His bones are of the same material as ours. If it were an angel being despoiled I would not feel it so much, for it belongs to a different order of beings. But my Saviour is a man, and my whole sympathy is aroused. I can imagine how the spikes fett—how hot the tempies burn-ed—what deadly sickness seized his heart what dustry shear as seried in stears—how mountain, and city, and mob swam away from his dying vision—something of the meaning of that cry for help that makes the blood of all the ages ourdlewith horror: "My God! my God! why hast." thou forsaken me!"

Forever with all these scenes of a Saviour's suffering will this city be as sociated. Here his unjust trial and here his death. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

But finally I am thrilled with the fact that this city is a symbol of heaven which is only another Jerusalem, "The New Jerusalem!" And this thought has kindled the imagination of all the sacred poets. I am glad that Horatio Honar, the Scotch hymnist rummaged among old manuscripts of the British museum until he found that byma in ancient spelling, parts of which we have in mutilated form in our modern we do not get in our modern versions:

When shall I come to thee When shall my sorrowes have an end, Thy joyes when shall I seef Noe dampish mist is seene in thee, Noe colde nor darksome night: Noe coide nor darksome night; There everie soule shines as the sunns There God himselfe gives light. Thy walls are made of protious stones, Thy bulwarkes diamondes square; Thy gates are of right orient pearle, Exceedinge riche and rare.

Thy turrettes and thy pinnacles. With earbuncles doe shine; With carbuncles doe shine; Thy verrie streets are paved with gould, Surpassinge cleare and fine. Thy houses are of yvorie,
Thy windows crystal cleare;
Thy tyles are made of beaten gould,
O God! that I were there: Our sweete is mixt with bitter gaule.

Our pleasure is but paine; Our joyes scarce last the lookeing on, Our sorrowes stille remains. But there they live in such delight, Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes Continually are greene; There grow such sweete and pleasant flow-

As no where else are seene. There trees for evermore beare fruite
And evermore doe springe;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore doe singe.

Hierusalem! my happie home! Would God I were in thee! Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joyes that I might see!

His Remarkable Vocabulary. A lady who has recently come from the west to locate in Washington has found a prize in a phenomenal small colored boy. He is only about 12, but he uses the most remarkable English ever found outside nglish ever found outside of a cage.
"Yo' will discover," he told the lady, "dat my capacities is of a mos' ex-tror'nary character. My superfluvious opportunities is devoted exclusively to perfection of my information."
Wh—what have you done for a liv-

ing?" gasped the astonished lady.
"My recentest avocation waz sif'n coal ashes for a lady on K street, but she couldn't un'erstan' my languages."

"That is very strange."
"Yessum, but yo' couldn't expec' me

to change my vocabulary for no ign'ant white trash."—Washington Post.

German in the Public Schools. The proposition to introduce the study of German into New York's public schools should meet with dis-layor. The pupils of the public schools. have little enough time as it is to obtain a thorough mustery of English without burdening them with other languages. A proposition to introduce any other foreign language should be treated the same way.

Small boy: "Say, dad, I wish you'd' give me a bloycle." Old man: "Can's afford it, my son. Rent too high, coal too dear. Besides, I don't want you to break your neck." "Well, then, a triplete." "Can't do it. But I'll tell you what you can have. When winter